A

POEM

[Both in *English* and *Latin.*]

On the Death of the Rt. Reverend Father in *GOD*,

Thomas KENN,

SOMETIME

Lord Bishop of *BATH* and *WELLS*

Who Died *March* the 19*th*, 171⅛. In the 75th Year of his Age.

BY

Mr. JOSEPH PERKINS, the *Latin Poet Laureat.*

BRISTOL: Printed by *W. Bonny.* 1711.

Hæc Elegia, qualiacunq; Nobi
mo Satrapæ Thomæ *Dom: Dom.*
Comiti Weymouth:

Josephus Perkins, *Presbyter Ecclesiæ A*
canæ *humillimé. D. D. D.*

A

POEM

On the Right Reverend Father in GOD,

Thomas KENN,

Sometime Lord Biſhop of *BATH* and *WELLS*, &c.

PLuck'd from an Angel's Wing give me a Pen
To write the Praiſes of Renowned KENN.
KENN, whoſe Lamented Fate we ſolemnize,
With *Martyrs* and brave *Saints* in Virtue vies.
He to Humility was moſt inclin'd:
Nor Praiſe nor Profit puff'd his Lowly Mind.
His Gifts, which to the Poor he gave in Love,
Like Frankinſcence mount to the Skies above.
In *Heav'n*, He for himſelf his *Treaſures* laid,
Where neither *Moths corrupt, nor Thieves invade.*
His Piety, Good Works, and Virtues all,
Anthems are ſung by Quires Angelical.
Long Days (and what more ſweet than Life?) attend,
And a long *Thread* ſpun by a gentle Hand.
To Him the Hoary Hairs gently come,
And ſlow Old Age conducts him to his Tomb.
Lamented by his Friends He Aged dies,
And by long Journies climes the Starry Skies.
He leaves the inferiour World: His Pious Soul
Sings *Halelujas* in th' *Æthereal* Pole.

Wh

Whilſt he Sings with the *Saints* in Glory crown'd,
Anthems not utter'd by a mortal Sound;
We in a *Mortal Strain* his Praiſes ſing,
And make *Parnaſſus* Rocks with *Eccho's* ring.
* Biſhop of *Eli*, * TURNER *and* KENN, *London* affords no Room,
† At *Woodmanſterne*, in *Surrey*. Theſe Noble Gueſts both to my † Lodging come
Both gave their Bleſſing, whilſt my Knees I bend,
More welcome than rich *Tagus* Golden Sand.
When heretofore *Gygantick Rebels* ſtrove,
By Armed Force to baniſh *England's Jove*,
An Hundred *Criminals* in Priſon lye,
* Judge *Jefferis*. By * *Æacus* Condemned all to Die.
But *Kenn*, Renowned *Kenn*, their Pardon ſought,
And Life and Safety to the Captives brought.
No *Wrath*, but *Meekneſs* in his Heavenly Soul:
His Mind was like the Muſick of the *Pole*.
When to the *Bath* Her *Royal Highneſs* came,
KENN made the *Abbey-Church* reſound his Fame.
Floods of Grave Eloquence did from him fall:
KENN in the Pulpit thunder'd like St. *PAUL*.
His Eloquence ſoon ceaſes, and in Haſt
† The *Tower*. The Faithful *Paſtor's* into † Priſon caſt.
His Bleating Flocks are ſcatter'd on the Hills:
He them no more with Heavenly *Nectar* fills.
When from the *Tower* freed brave *KENN* returns,
In every Street a blazing Bonfire burns.
Bells from their lofty *Pyramids* Reſound,
And Windows all with ſhinning Lamps abound.
The Church exults: Rivers of *Nectar* run,
And celebrate the Fame of Noble *KENN*.
* The Bread of Life, and the Water of Life. With * *Nectar* and * *Ambroſia* He fed
The Flock of Chriſt, who now to Heav'n is fled.
Whilſt other *Prelates* ride in brave *Caroſſe*,
On Foot this Humble minded *Prelate* goes,
When Seven Lords were ſent to one † *Cloſe Place*,
† The Tower *KENN* a ſtout *Champion* for *Religion* was.

Peace

Peaceful He was, with inward Peace poſſeſs'd,
And now enjoys the *Saints Eternal Reſt.*
Chriſt's Seamleſs Coat, now torn, he ſtriv'd to mend,
Leſt *Schiſms* the Church of God in Pieces rend.
Seditiouſly the Kings he ne'er withſtood;
KENN's Hands were never ſtain'd with Royal Blood.
Celeſtial Grace adorn'd his chaſteſt Breaſt:
He with Perpetual Chaſtity was Bleſt.
The Poor, whilſt living, He did ne'er deſpiſe:
Among the Poor, now Dead, he humbly lies.
His Name, like Ointment, yields a Fragrant Scent,
And is more Laſting than the *Adamant.*
Whilſt in the Duſt he ſleeps, His Fame ſhall riſe,
And live in ſpite of *Fate* and *Deſtinies.*
Let this ſhort Title on his *Tomb* be wrote,
And then *Thalia* end her doleful Note.

The Epitaph.

In this ſhort Urn, a Famous Biſhop lies,
Whoſe Praiſe and Piety ſurmount the Skies.

HOnour to whom Honour is due —; *He hath diſſperſed abroad and given to the Poor, and his Righteouſneſs remaineth for ever; his Horn ſhall be exalted with Honour* ——. *His Body is buried in Peace, but his Name endureth for evermore* ——. *A good Name is better than Precious Oyntment* ——. *The Memorial of the Righteous is Bleſſed* —. He being Dead, yet ſpeaketh.

FINIS.

POEMA

In Obitum Reverendi admodum in Deo Patris Thomæ KENN, *olim* Thermarum *ac* Fontium *Diœceseos Episcopi, Qui ex hac Vita emigravit Die* Martij 19. 1710. *Et in* Dormitorio de Froom *inter Inopes sine funebri Pompa, Anno* Ætatis 75. *inhumatus fuit.*

POrrigat Æthereas, mihi porrigat Angelus Alas
Scripturo laudes, KENN *Reverende*, tuas.
KENN, cujus *Fatum* miseri ploramus adempti,
Exemplum *Priscæ Religionis* erat.
Quem non Divitiæ, quem non fecere Superbum
Vox Populi, quem non multiplicatus Honos.
Pauperibus semper quæ Munera multa dedisti,
In Cœlos sacri Thuris ad instar eunt.
Thesaurus Cœlo, Cœlo Tibi Condita *Gaza* est,
Et non *corruptas* semper habebis Opes.
Justitia, & *Pietas*, & quæ Bona multa tacentur,
Fiunt *Angelicis* cantica Mille *Choris*.
Longa Dies (quid enim *Vitâ* jucundius *ipsâ*?)
Et data sunt facili *Stamina* multa Manu.
Illi *Canities*, Illi venerabilis *Ætas*
Contigit, & tardo sera *Senecta* Pede.
Annosus moritur charis deflendus *Amicis*,
Et serus *longâ* surgit in Astra *Viâ*.
I, Pete summa *Poli*, Terrestri Sede *relictâ*,
Et Pius *Angelicis* semper adesto *Choris*.

Cœlicolas

Cœlicolas inter ſanctos dum Cantica fundis,
(Cantica *mortali* non referenda Sono)
Carmine mortali veſtros celebramus Honores,
Antraq; *Parnaſſi*, Saxaq; ſacra ſonant.
* Epiſcopus Elienſis. Cum * *Turner* cum KENN *Londini* amotus ab Urbe,
Hoſpitium ornarunt *Hoſpes* uterq; meum.
Cumq; Genu flexo mihi tunc Benedixit Uterq;,
Non tanti Auriflui dives Arena *Tagi*.
Cum contra *Patrem Patriæ* tulit Arma *Satelles*,
Ut ſolij ſacrum pelleret Arce *Jovem*,
Carcere captivi Centum latuere *Gigantes*,
Æacus hos Omnes Reſte perire jubet.
Oravit *Regem*, Veniam ſed KENN Reverendus,
Centum captivis Vita Saluſq; Reis
Neſcius iraſci, non irritabilis unquam,
Sed Mens tranquillo Corde ſerena fuit.
* Her R. H. Ad *Fontes calidos* (Memini) cum * *Filia Regis*
† The Abbey Church Venerat, Hic † *Templum* Voce || *boante* replet.
|| Tanquam Boanerges. Eloquij fluxit facundo Flumen ab Ore:
In Roſtris tanquam *Paulus* & alter erat.
Lingua repente ſilet: Facundia *Rhetoris* hæret,
Dux Gregis (heu!) fidus *Carcere* clauſus erat,
Sparguntur Pecudes: Campos balatibus implent,
Nec miſeram ſaturant *Nectaris* Amne Sitim.
Sed poſtquam rediit Paſtor, jam *Carcere* aperto,
Accendit Rutilos quæq; Platea *Rogos*.
Omnes Campanæ reſonant de Turribus altis,
Lampadibus nitidis quæq; Feneſtra micat.
Undiq; Muſta fluunt: Eccleſia jubilat Alma,
Et celebrat Laudes, KENN venerande tuas.
Ambroſiæ Succo ſaturaſti et *Nectaris* Amne,
Curaſti Domini, *Paſtor*, Ovile tui.
Pontifices alij portantur Curribus altis:
Hic humilis *Paſtor* ſuſtinet ire Pedes.
Septem *Pontifices* cum *Carcer* clauſerat Arctus,

KENN *Propugnator Religionis* erat.
Pacificus ſemper Sanctorum Pace potitur:
Pacis Amator erat, *Pace beatus* erat.
Ille * Dei laceram Veſtem emendare laborat,
Ne ſpargant Domini *Schiſmata* vana Gregem.
Nec Reges contra ſacros fera Bella movebat:
Nunquam Regali tincta Cruore Manus.
Caſtum Cæleſtis perfudit Gratia Pectus:
Illi perpetuus *Virginitatis* Honos.
Pauperibus Comitem præbebat *vivus* amantem,
Atq; Inopes inter Mortuus ille jacet.
Pontificis Pietas Saxis Annoſior ipſis,
(Unguenti Vires quæ redolentis habet.)
Nomina ſervabit nunquam peritura Cadentis,
Et reddent Parcæ quem rapuere Virum.
Hoc tantum Titulo Tumulus ſignetur opacus;
(Et triſtes claudat mæſta *Thalia* Modos.

* Chriſti.
† Tunicam inſutilem.

EPITAPHIUM.

POntificis *Cineres humili conduntur in Urna*:
Sed Fama *&* Pietas *ſumma per Aſtra volant*

28 MR 59

Joſ. Perkins
Ex Tempore

FINIS.